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MAINE FARMER.

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Manuring the Seed before Sowing.

Considerable discussion is going on in some places respecting a theory recently brought out relative to manuring seed, or, in other words, impregnating seeds with fertilizing matters previous to sowing.

Mr. James Campbell, of Scotland, has published an account of certain experiments which he instituted in 1842 and '43, by which he endeavors to prove that the best system of manuring a crop is to soak the seeds a certain time before sowing.

He used sulphate of ammonia, made in this way: One pound of common carbonate of ammonia, dissolved in five pints of common rain or river water. Then take one pound of plaster of Paris, (sulphate of lime) made very fine, and stir it into the solution and let it stand twenty-four hours, occasionally shaking or stirring it. When the lime of the plaster has completely settled to the bottom, pour off the liquor above into another vessel; then add four pints more of water to the lime and stir it well; when it has settled, pour off into the other vessel and add three pints more to the lime; stir again, and when settled, pour this also with the other. In this way you get all the sulphate of ammonia that is formed. In this way you get twelve pints of water, in which is dissolved one pound of sulphate of ammonia, and this is enough to soak one bushel of seed, say oats, barley or wheat. He allows his seed to soak from fifty to ninety-four hours. He thinks wheat does not require so long time to become impregnated with the ammonia. His statements in regard to the crop are as follows: The soil was not peculiarly favorable for the crop of oats which grew upon it—had not been manured for eleven years. The greater number of the stems of oats were as big as small canes, (he does not say what sort of canes), the leaves from one inch to one inch and one seventh in breadth and of a dark green color. The seed sown was very light, not exceeding thirty-seven pounds per bushel; the average number of stems from thirty-three seeds, is eleven or twelve to one seed sown, and the gross apparent produce between five and six hundred fold.

This is doing pretty well for so little manuring, but before we admit that it was wholly owing to the soaking of the seed in a little sulphate of ammonia, we should like to know all the accompanying facts, and also see the results of an analysis of the soil on which it grew. There can be no doubt that a steep of some alkaline solution serves as a stimulus oftentimes to seeds, and by giving them a vigorous and early start, thereby improves the crop. There can be no doubt also that the alkaline matter, that there is of it, is taken up by the plant, and appropriated to the formation of the several parts of the plant, but that the whole of such results, as have named, can be justly attributed to the small quantity of the sulphate of ammonia, is asking a little too much of our credulity. We approve of the solution as a steep for seeds, but we should of means treat wholly to that. It is getting a living little too easily. No better way has yet been devised or discovered by man to ensure a good and profitable crop, than to make the soil rich with animal and mineral manures, and to work it well in the proper season.

Upland Rice.

The Cincinnati Plow-Boy for August, contains a communication from G. F. on the subject of raising Upland Rice. He says it was introduced into this country from Europe by Thomas Jefferson. It will grow, he says, on the driest and most arid soil—is sown sometime in April, and is ripe in September. The usual method is to sow it in drills, about eighteen inches apart; but if the land is well prepared and clean, it may be sown broadcast, and it often yields from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre. It is now cultivated to some extent in Wayne Co., Illinois, and the only reason that its culture was discontinued anywhere, is the difficulty of cleansing it from the hull, there being no mill suitable for that business in that country. If what he says be true, could it not be raised in Maine? We think it might do as well as wheat, and if it will grow on dry soils, we should think that it would do well in the south part of Massachusetts.

POTATOES IN VERMONT.—Extract of a letter to a gentleman in this town, from his brother in Windham County, Vermont.

"Our crops are all good, excepting potatoes,—there is not only a blast upon them, but a disease which renders them unfit for use, in many fields nine-tenths are rotten, or are beginning to rot. Many hogs are said to have died in consequence of eating them. Such a thing never was known here before. How many will be saved will depend upon the weather; if it continues dry, we may save some, as there is now and then a field that is injured but little; we are all busy in harvesting, but I fear they will rot in the cellars and it is impossible to sort them properly—some being diseased on the outside, and some inside. The Millwright says it is a judgment sent from God for not believing their peculiar doctrine, but it seems their potatoes don't escape, but share the same fate of the unbelievers."

[Maine Cultivator.]

THE WOOL CROP.—The wool crop of the United States, of 1843, has been estimated to be worth eighteen millions of dollars; and large as this sum may seem, the culture of wool is susceptible of being extended a hundred per cent. within a period of ten years without prices being materially affected by the increase, as the demand will keep pace with the supply during that period, if the ratio of increase be graduated by the aggregate of enhancement which we have suggested. By apportioning the increase at ten per cent. per annum, there will be no increase of running into extremes, nor of depressing prices by flooding the market with a superabundant supply, and none need apprehend, should this rule be observed, that the demand will not abound, as the countless uses to which the ingenuity of manufacturers have applied wool, when considered in connection with the new varieties of goods with a woolen base, that are every day springing into being and into fashion, offer a guarantee that a glut is not to be apprehended.



A Family Newspaper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

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NO. 41.

Rotten Chips for Fruit Trees.

On page sixteen of the Plow Boy, a caution is given in reference to the apple-tree borer, in these words: "never put chip manure around your apple-trees for fear of introducing this pest." In opposition to this apprehension, it may be stated, that some of us in this section of country have been accustomed to dressing the ground at the root of fruit trees with rotten chips, for perhaps upwards of twenty years; and the result appears to have been in every instance, so far as I have learned, uniformly beneficial. The earth beneath has been prevented from becoming dry and compact; the grass and weeds have been abundantly more easily eradicated than they could possibly have been from a dry tenacious clay soil, and the ground being in a loose, friable state, the fertilizing properties of the atmosphere have been conveyed more readily to the roots by rains and dews. Against this practice no caveat has yet been uttered on account of the depredations of the insect in question; indeed, its ravages here are comparatively unknown. Whether, when the *Saxatilis pyralis* becomes more numerous in our district, it will be found to be detrimental; but I think both theory and experience thus far are at variance with the supposition. And surely, he who attempts to till the earth around a great number of young trees, over whose roots the wild grasses have become firmly enfolded, will acquiesce in the task in despair if time is as valuable to him as it is to the generosity of husbandmen at the West. As economy of labor is a standing consideration with American cultivators, it is desirable that every means of facilitating agricultural industry should be elicited and encouraged. The case before us is one of very general interest; and as it is important that the orchardist should proceed in his labors according to safe and easy principles, and that his practices should be settled, and not fluctuating from feelings of uncertainty, it is to be hoped that those who possess any information on this subject, will at once impart it to the public. I have so much confidence in the safety of the application, and esteem the practice so highly, that I am now strewing rotten chips around three trees constituting two young orchards; I spread it two or three feet on every side of the tree, to the depth of several inches. If considered necessary, it can be removed, when the grass and weeds are suffocated beneath it, be readily incorporated with the soil.

Richmond, Wayne Co., Ia. J. T. P.
[The sentence referred to above should have read, "never put new chips around your apple-trees for fear of introducing this pest." For there can be no doubt of the beneficial effects of an application at the roots of the trees of rotten chips mixed with ashes to destroy any insects it may contain, and we agree with Plow Boy, that there will be no danger of introducing the worm by the practice.]

Cashmere Goats.—No. 1.

By J. A. WARDER, M. D.

Being notices of the Asiatic Goats that furnish the Cashmere Wool; and of an attempt to increase their Fleece and to give it new qualities. Presented to the Society of Agriculture and Arts in the Department of Science and Arts, by M. Terneux, Member of this Society, etc., etc., Paris. Translated from the French.

OF CASHMERE SHAWLS AND FABRICS.—These were introduced into France at the time the French armies invaded Egypt. Prior to this period they were scarcely known, being only worn by some foreigners, Greeks, Turks and Persians, and the crown alone possessed some specimens which had been presented to our kings by Asiatic sovereigns.

The first shawls brought to the ladies of Paris were perfect trophies, for most of them were dyed with the blood of Mamelukes from whom they were plundered. Their beauty, peculiar softness, and their richness soon caused them to command a high price; they are now not only an object of fashion but also of use to our wealthy citizens, for no other tissue presents at the same time so much lightness and such a perfect protection from the air. From these, new and beautiful shawls have become general, because while possessing all the advantages of the cashmere they are finer and lighter, so that they have become the favorites of the higher classes.

Since the French manufacture of cashmères has created a new branch of commerce, which furnishes an extensive home consumption, and an infant exportation which must increase, the preservation of the cashmere goat must be considered an object of public utility worthy of notice.

IMPORTATION OF ASIATIC GOATS TO FRANCE.—Five years experience prove that these animals become acclimated readily in various parts of France, in Tonlon, Perpignan, the Pyrenees, Alps, Vosges, near Paris, and in more than twenty of the departments into which they have been introduced. All the goats of these several flocks that have not been exposed to damp or unwholesome pastures, have preserved their characteristic vigor and activity; nor have they seemed to degenerate in any way since their arrival. The extraordinary project, conceived and zealously followed out by M. Terneux, despite all the obstacles incident to an effort of this nature, is thus accomplished.

To guarantee the success of the undertaking, M. Terneux says, "It was necessary to find one of those uncommon men whose courage and indefatigable zeal would enable them to triumph over all obstacles—with indomitable will and superior talent with a knowledge of the oriental languages, hardihood for long and perilous journeys—all these qualifications I found in Amedee Jaubert." To appreciate the full merit of this undertaking, it must be premised that at the time M. Terneux commenced the enterprise, it was not known with any certainty what animal furnished the fleece from which the shawls were made in India, for the authors who alluded to the subject disagreed among themselves. After long and laborious research and much labor and expense M. Terneux was possessed of some positive data which enabled him to gain the assistance of government in his enterprise. Most men would have relinquished the undertaking, as rash and chimerical, or beset with too many difficulties. In the essay which is to follow, we shall establish the identity of these animals which have been imported into France, with those which furnish the real Indian cashmere, comparing them with some others also imported by government. After speaking of their proper plan of treatment and of the mode of shearing, we shall, in the second part, allude to the prospect of improving the quantity of their fleece and give the results of experiments instituted for that purpose.—[Cincinnati Plow Boy.]

Visit to Indian Hill Farm.

"Those who make useful improvements in agriculture and manufactures, and those who cause them to be made, are the true benefactors of mankind." We were impressed with the truth of the sentiment contained in the above paragraph, as, during a recent visit to the "Indian Hill Farm," in West Newbury, we witnessed the improvements made by Col. Benjamin Poore, since it came into his possession. To this gentleman was awarded the highest premium offered last year by the Mass. State Agricultural Society for the best cultivated farm, viz: \$200. A gratuity of \$50 was also given him for an account of his method of draining his lands for the last twenty years. After a few hours spent in rambling over this farm and witnessing the many improvements made, we were well convinced the high honors meted out to him by this Society, were well merited.

The original grant of this estate was from the Indians to an ancestor of the present incumbent, about the year 1670, and has remained in the possession of the family to the present time. In the center of the farm is a beautiful swell of fine productive land, rising about a hundred feet above the mansion house, which stands near the base. The grant consisted of all the land that could be seen from the top of the hill! This would make rather an extensive farm at the present time, for we looked toward the east, Newbury and Newburyport were seen, about five miles distant, and beyond, Plum Island, and still further east, the blue ocean is visible, from the Isle of Shoals to the extremity of Cape Ann with the dim outlines of that Cape. Southerly, the eye looks with delight over a vast expanse of woodland and well cultivated farms, beautifully intermingled to Ipswich, Rowley, and Georgetown, the latter village being in full view. To the west, the rounded hills of Bradford and Haverhill bound the view, except at the N. W. where the distant hills of New Hampshire are seen peering above, and to the north, the well known manufacturing towns of Amesbury and Salisbury are partially concealed by the hills.

The Indians made a reservation of land for themselves, sufficient to plant their corn and for summer residence; and for many years continued to be the quiet neighbors of the Poore family, and other settlers, who were met on the land were given an encouragement to emigrate to the neighborhood.

From the hill, we had a view of a tract of land at our feet, of about 40 acres, which Mr. Poore has most successfully reclaimed from a worthless waste, productive at the present time of 2 1/2 to 3 tons of hay to the acre. The details of his mode of operating in draining, are now in the hands of a committee of the Mass. Agricultural Society, and will soon be published in the N. E. Farmer. At the present time, it will be enough to say, that a portion of this drained tract was dangerous for cattle; that it was fenced that they might not get mired in the deep sloughs with which it was filled, and the whole surface was covered with bushes and coarse herbage. It is now a hard meadow, on which a team may be driven without any difficulty. A part of this reclaimed meadow was purchased by Mr. Poore of a neighbor, in its unproductive state. In this purchase Mr. Poore was almost considered by some of his neighbors, as a fit subject for the Insane Hospital—for who (they thought) in his right mind, would think of adding such an unproductive piece of land to his possessions? Even now, with the example of Mr. Poore's improvement, before our eyes, some of the neighbors are still in the habit of cutting over unimproved meadows and of dealing the miserable fodder produced upon them to their cattle in the winter, are at a loss to know what they shall do for "fresh hay" if they reclaim their swamp and meadow lands.

We noticed in Mr. Poore's meadows, some spots where rushes had made their appearance; inquiring what had produced them, we were informed that they were caused by an attempt at irrigation; but were overgrown and of dealing the miserable fodder produced upon them to their cattle in the winter, are at a loss to know what they shall do for "fresh hay" if they reclaim their swamp and meadow lands. We noticed in Mr. Poore's meadows, some spots where rushes had made their appearance; inquiring what had produced them, we were informed that they were caused by an attempt at irrigation; but were overgrown and of dealing the miserable fodder produced upon them to their cattle in the winter, are at a loss to know what they shall do for "fresh hay" if they reclaim their swamp and meadow lands. We noticed in Mr. Poore's meadows, some spots where rushes had made their appearance; inquiring what had produced them, we were informed that they were caused by an attempt at irrigation; but were overgrown and of dealing the miserable fodder produced upon them to their cattle in the winter, are at a loss to know what they shall do for "fresh hay" if they reclaim their swamp and meadow lands.

The love of order is very conspicuous in Mr. Poore's transactions, for it shows itself in every direction on the farm, and in all his operations. This, we imagine, is one of the chief secrets of his success. Mr. Putnam has described the barn on the premises in vol. 21, page 162.

The stables and cow house are admirably constructed for warmth, and for saving the urine, which is conveyed in stone gutters to a large vault, the receptacle of the night soil and sink water, into which a cartload of peat is thrown every week. Mr. Poore has a screw for pressing hay, and his men had pressed three tons of hay a day. His potatoes are also sent to customers in New Orleans. We were shown a fine piece of thatching executed by an English person, well acquainted with the business; but we were informed that the cost was greater than boarding and shingling. Danger from fire would be a serious objection to this mode of covering a building, even if it were equally cheap and durable as our common mode.

On the top of the hill described, a well has been recently dug 72 feet deep, which contains 60 feet of water. The hill has been tapped on the side, on a level with the water in the well, and a siphon of cast iron is about to be laid which will convey the water to his barn and every part of the house, which we have already said, is about 100 feet below the top of the hill. Should we attempt to describe his dwelling house we should find ourselves in a quandary, for it is unlike anything we have ever seen, except in a picture of some English farm house or cottage, of very unique pattern; all we can say about it now, is that we found "the string of the latch out," and the liberal proprietor ready to give a right hearty welcome to the writer, as well as to a numerous company of agricultural friends, who enjoyed his hospitality on the occasion.—[New England Farmer.]

There have been many gales on the coast of Florida, by which much injury was done.

Time for Pruning Fruit Trees.

Messrs. Editors:—At a meeting of an agricultural club in this town last winter, the culture of fruit trees being discussed, it was stated by a member, that the proper time for pruning apple trees is the months of September and October, and he gave as a reason for this practice, that the laws of nature were such, that a tree, if wounded, would heal the quickest at that season of the year, because from natural causes it was most liable to be injured; and limbs were more liable to break when loaded with fruit than at other seasons; the wood would then remain white, and not turn black, as at some other seasons of the year. I cannot from my own practice recommend the above, and it differs from opinion you have lately published. It may be as necessary in agriculture, as in religious affairs, to prove all things and hold fast that which is good. Charleston, August, 1844. H. B.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

We have found from experience that when we have cut off very large limbs of apple trees in September and October, the wood looked white, and continued sound and did not decay, though a long time in healing over, owing to the large wound that was made. This induced us to prefer all pruning, when any large branches are to be cut off; for if they are cut in the spring or early summer, when the wood is full of sap, the wounded part will not remain so sound.

We cut off some branches of apple trees, six inches through, 25 or 30 years ago, in the fall, and we noticed them this season and they were sound, though they had not healed over. The tree continued healthy, and the branches from which these large limbs were cut, continued to grow well, and produce fruit; but so large a wound will probably never heal. These were cut off owing to an injury from a gale.

With a proper course of pruning it is never necessary to cut so large limbs, unless they are injured, and then we should choose to cut them in the fall. But the advantage in pruning in the summer, or latter part of spring, as recommended by some, is, that the sap is then running, and the wound will heal the quickest. But if cut in the fall the edge of the wound becomes dry and hard, and perhaps cracks, before healing commences, and it takes one year, as observed sometime since by another correspondent, Mr. Pike, for the edge of the wound to get healed over. [Boston Cultivator.]

Dark Ages.

The learned of the present day talk most complacently of the dark ages, those times when the great mass of mankind was not only ignorant but stupid; but the learned of the present day, who are so full of themselves, and so full of their own knowledge, think or act a little in advance of the multitude. The cause of this is easily explained. Knowledge in an individual is a constant reproach to those who have it not; and always produces in them, one of two effects, a desire for similar acquisitions, or an intense hatred of the possessor. We are accustomed to speak as though these dark ages had passed; but the learned of the present day, who are so full of themselves, and so full of their own knowledge, think or act a little in advance of the multitude. The cause of this is easily explained. Knowledge in an individual is a constant reproach to those who have it not; and always produces in them, one of two effects, a desire for similar acquisitions, or an intense hatred of the possessor. 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The Perils of Wealth.

Mr. Warren, the author of the "Diary of a late London Physician," in one of his best stories, alludes to a point in the life of a hero at which he might have married a lady worth at least half a million. "And yet," he adds, philosophizing over the matter, "who can tell that the very ease of such a destiny, might not have wearied my heart, enervated my mind, and rendered me at once burdensome to myself, and useless to the world."

"Is it not hunger that gives the true charm to the food, however exquisite, and labor that gives the true charm to the couch however embroidered? Is it not the nobility of the noblest mind to be found in the consciousness that we have done something in our generation; that we have contributed a stone to the pyramid of national glory? What can reconcile the man of powerful intellect to the consciousness that he has passed like a cypher, and left nothing behind him but a tomb?"

The above is calculated to excite a train of reflection in almost every thoughtful mind.—The multitudes are too apt to form hasty judgments of events—to look upon them as they pass immediately before their eyes, without inquiring as to the probable effect upon character, disposition, and the future. How disposed, indeed, are we to exclaim, on hearing that a young friend has married an heiress, that he is an enviable fellow. We think merely that the man has become possessed of a fortune, without looking at the matter philosophically, or inquiring as to the probable result upon the mind, manners, morals, or history of our friend. We forget that with some, no greater curse could be imposed, than an abundance of money—a condition of life that would render it necessary for them to tax their energies—circumstances that would throw around them a thousand temptations to, which from their nature, disposition, and mind, they would be unable to resist.

A fortune, therefore, suddenly acquired by such an individual, would be a passport to ruin—ruin, perhaps, not only in the body and reputation but of soul. We forget, when we glorify in sudden wealth as a great gift of Providence, that man has other and higher objects than to eat and sleep, and die. We forget he has an intellect, that he has a conscience, that he is in the enjoyment of moral perceptions, that he is but acting a part in this life which will influence his course here, but affect his destiny hereafter. If, for example, we desire a son to eat, drink, be merry and die we should perhaps ask for him the ease of opulence, or such an abundance of the good things of this life, so called, as would render it unnecessary for him either to be particularly careful of his habits, his character or his morals. We should desire him to be surrounded by false friends, by flatterers and flatterers, by individuals of artificial natures, who, living in fashionable society, and victims in some measure of vicious taste, hold as inferior beings, all who will not bow down to the same pernicious idol. But if, on the other hand, we would see our child become not only an ornament to society, but an honor to human nature, we would have the powers of his mind adequately developed; we should have proper moral restraints intermingled with his character; we would have his tastes regulated by temperance, tolerance, and moderation; we should have him jealous of his reputation in the eyes of the good and wise; we should in short, have him live here, so that the future, in this life, should gather light from the past, while the future, in the world to come, should be irradiated by the light which springs from the hopes and faith of the christian. The noblest ambition of man should be to live so that humanity at large may be improved by his existence. All who are really true to the lofty object of their being, should endeavor to leave some virtuous record behind them, something to which their children may point, as delightful and worthy of example in the history of their progenitor.—These who retain the enjoyment of wealth, have, of course, ample opportunities for the indulgence of this truly philanthropic and God-like spirit, and when resisting the baser propensities of their nature—when turning aside from the hollow flatteries, when mocking at the temptations around them, they recognize the great I AM, as the source of their prosperity, and themselves as mere creatures and instruments, and act accordingly; they indeed rise superior to the common dross of morality, and approach a condition of being far above that of ordinary men. But these cases are rare. We are naturally weak, irresolute, and prone to become attached to the things of this world. The case of opulence is a fearful peril. Pleasure has a siren voice, and few who have no check of poverty or religion can successfully resist her alluring strains.

Reading.

How many hours and half hours are idled thoughtlessly away, that might be most profitably spent in storing the mind with useful knowledge. Twenty pages a day would make up six hundred in a month, or seven thousand and two hundred in a year.

What a vast amount of information might be acquired from the careful perusal of seven thousand judiciously selected pages! But this is by no means the only advantage to accrue; habits of industry and application, a taste for reading and intellectual cultivation, avoidance of expensive and corrupting indulgences, love of home and domestic enjoyments—in short, improvement of every kind, mental, moral, physical and pecuniary, is the reward of this commendable, easily-acquired, and fascinating habit. The long winter evenings are now close upon us, and every one, who has not already done it, should lay out for himself a course of useful reading; let it be history—which a distinguished man has styled "Philosophy teaching by example"—Biography of Great Men, which has also been called, "The history of the World;"—or let it be any other instructive, moral, or scientific kind of reading; no matter how dry you may at first find it, you will soon become interested, and the more you read, the better you will like it. It is an old saying that "there is no Royal road to knowledge," and with all the steam improvements of modern days there has been no intellectual railway invented yet and those who, from indolence or indifference tarry for it, will find that they have waited in vain. The old beaten track, which all the learned have pursued, and which has given rise to many an exclamation like that of the gifted Beattie—

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb the steep where fame's proud temple shines afar!" must still be followed, or we remain behind in ignorance with our talent lying "buried in a napkin." But we do not all aspire to the fame

of learned lore and need not to climb the difficult ascent, though all of us desire to know as much at least as those around us, and there is but one way of keeping up with the intelligence of the times; we cannot beg, buy or borrow the knowledge that we need to appear respectably in society, and the earlier we acquire it the more benefit shall we derive from it, and the more easily wed to it. [Bee.]

Advice to Maidens.

That classical song which commences with "O, take your time, Miss Lucy," has proved very disastrous to young ladies who have been controlled by it. Everything is done in a hurry in this world, therefore get married as quickly as possible. Husbands are like birds, if you don't bring them down at once they are off.

Love is an idea; beef is a reality. The idea you can get along without; the beef you must have. Do not then allow any refined sentimentalism to interfere with what judicious and calculating parents call an advantageous settlement.

Young girls will have twinges of the heart-strings, we know, but these are like other complaints incidental to youth, they go away suddenly without any bad effects. Dyspepsia often produces melancholy, which is attributed to disappointed affection, but bran bread and apple sauce will speedily remove this complaint.

Some girls have imaginations so tender, that they believe themselves in love with every man who says a civil word to them. These unfortunate creatures should take the shower bath every morning, and take frequent exercise on horseback.

Romance should be confined to circulating libraries and boarding schools; it is well enough in these places, but out of them it is sadly out of the way. It is very apt to take bread and butter out of one's mouth, and it is a curious fact in "physics," that though love causes the heart to swell, it never fills an empty stomach.

If a man falls in love with you, instead of ascertaining the color of his eyes, find out the length of his purse; instead of asking his age, get a list of his effects. If these make a goodly appearance, never mind his looks but conclude the bargain at once. You will learn to love him when you feel the necessity of such a passion. In the meantime, endure him.

There used to be many Alonzos and Melissas in the world, and there was much misery in consequence. Now-a-days, people are more sensible. They have an eye to the real; they are matter of fact, and see more substantial comfort, in a well furnished home, than a dozen sonnets, more beauty in a beautifully supplied table, than a score of love-letters. All this betrays a good deal of sound sense, which maidens would do well to profit by. [Noah's Messenger.]

Riches vs. Kindness.

"Riches may enable us to confer favors; but to confer them with propriety and grace, requires a something that riches cannot give; even trifles may be so bestowed as to cease to be trifles."

Such is the remark of one who has evidently been a close observer of human nature.—The value of a favor is always greatly enhanced or depreciated by the manner in which it is conferred. Some have a way of complying with a request, as if the very fact of their granting it constituted them at once lord and master over the feelings and acts of those who solicit, and they scruple not to show by their manner and insulting remarks how immensely superior they think themselves to the poor being who is the recipient of their favor. They give, solely to gratify this base feeling, and not from any regard for the individual who is to receive; so that a person of spirit—did not the iron grasp of stern necessity check him—would be more apt to throw the proffered gift back into the teeth of the giver, than to accept of aught on terms so degrading. But, necessity—that cruel taskmaster—humbles many a noble spirit, and the favor is accepted; but gratitude is not the result, how should it be?—A gnawing of revenge rankles in the bosom, until the favor is requited—the debt cancelled. And yet such purse-proud and stony-hearted individuals expect gratitude; and arrogate to themselves a vast deal of praise for the liberality they have shown, and complain if they thanks to which they are entitled are not meted out with over-flowing measure. "They will never do a good-natured thing again—they get no thanks for it." Why? Because they grant a favor not out of regard to the recipient, but to gratify some base feeling of their own—their manner shows it—the heart has nothing to do with their charities or courtesies, how then should the hearts of others respond to their acts?

Others, again, have the faculty of winning the thanks and securing the esteem of all around them, by means of the veriest trifles.—Why? again—simply because there is heart and feeling connected with their acts. You feel that what they do, they do it for you, and that it is done with good will; not to gratify themselves solely, and add to their own importance; not grudgingly. They do it for you—you cannot be otherwise than grateful. [Boston Bee.]

HOGS DYING.—We hear from Jaffrey that one farmer has lost eight of nine hogs that had been fed upon defective potatoes! We have also heard of other instances. Such facts are alarming and should lead all to a watchfulness, for their own safety, as well as that of their cattle and hogs. [New Hampshire Sentinel.]

We have heard of similar instances of injured potatoes, or rather destroyed potatoes in this region; but nothing like in extent to what the papers in Vermont, Sullivan and Cheshire counties in this State, in Massachusetts and Connecticut, represent to be the case in their several districts. [N. H. Patriot.]

Nearly or quite the entire crop of potatoes in this region is lost. When dug, they are found to be diseased and rotten. Some have been dug early and placed in the cellar in an apparently sound condition, and in a few days found to be decaying fast. They appear to rot and smell as if rotten. Several of our farmers have commenced ploughing them in, in the field. We learn that the difficulty extends over the region about us. It is said that some hogs have died after being fed with them. No reason is given for this singular occurrence.—Should the crop fail throughout New England in the same manner great suffering as well as loss must ensue. [Barre (Mass.) Gazette.]

SAD POTATO PROSPECT.—A farmer on the Surry hills has informed us that out of 600 bushels he does not expect to save 50. He put 100 bushels of the red, (the vines green when dug, the outside leaves only beginning to die) and looking well, into his cellar, and in four days he was obliged to remove them and tip them up on a dry piece of land. They will be he thinks, all gone.

MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1844.

The Cattle Show and Fair

Of the Somerset Central Agricultural Society will take place on the 15th and 16th of the present month, at Norridgewock, one of the most beautiful villages in New England. Right glad are we to learn that JOHN S. LYNDSE, M. D., has accepted an invitation to address the Society on this occasion; and we congratulate our Somerset friends that such is the case, for we know that he will give them a rich treat—facts, causes and effects—substantial food for mental digestion and profitable reflection. Though not a practical farmer, we are confident he can teach many who are, the science of farming—how to till the dull glee successfully and profitably—what soils are best suited to the production of different crops—and what manures and stimulants are best calculated to promote the growth and bring to maturity those crops. He is a man of strict industry, who, when not administering, professionally, to the wants of the sick, may be found in his garden, or in his study, where, in the latter place, he spends the most of his leisure hours. He is an extensive reader, a deep thinker, a sound reasoner, and an elegant and happy writer. Our readers and ourselves have been favored with some of the productions of his pen; and no doubt perused them with pleasure and interest, and to their profit. For these favors we are greatly indebted and obliged to him. We hope the farmers of Somerset will turn out en masse, as it were, at the coming exhibition. The object is of much interest to them; the place selected for holding the Show and Fair is a beautiful one; and as for the address, we know it will be of the first quality.

Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

This society, from small beginnings, has risen to strength and usefulness, and is beginning to be felt beyond the immediate neighborhood of its location. Even away up east here, we have fruits and flowers, the existence and culture of which may be traced to the influence which this institution has exerted. We can remember when the fruit department of Boston Market was nothing extra, and the neighborhood of that city was far, very far from exhibiting so much of the garden as it now does. The change for the better is mainly owing to the exertions of the members of this society. We see that a large Hall is being erected in Boston for its exhibition and meetings. The corner stone was laid not long ago with appropriate ceremonies. We wish them unbounded success and prosperity.

It is a society whose labors and exertions cannot be confined to its own members, but like the rays of the sun, will shine forth and cheer and encourage others, and lead them on by progressive steps, from indifference to attention—from attention to improvement—from improvement to success, and even perfection.

Whitewash or Cheap Paint.

We have had many enquiries made of us lately respecting the best recipe for white wash. We have given several recipes before. We abridge the following from the Ontario Messenger.

One bushel of slacked lime, (slack it with cold water,) add 20 lbs. Spanish whiting, 17 lbs. salt, 12 lbs. sugar, mix all together and strain them through a wire sieve and fit it for use after reducing it by adding cold water to make it of the proper consistency.

This is intended for the outside of buildings.—Two coats should be put upon wood and three on brick.

For inside work take one bushel of slacked lime, five lbs. of salt, three lbs. of sugar and prepare as above. It is said to last longer on rough ceilings than oil paint will on planed; of this we have some doubts.

It may be colored, if you wish, by adding for straw color, yellow ochre instead of Whiting, for brown color, ochre color and a little lamp black; for blue, indigo; for green, chrome green.

The N. Y. "New Mirror" is coming Daily.

Messrs. Morris & Willis, who have sent out once a week so much interesting matter as we always find in the Mirror, have been so persecuted by the exactions of Postmasters, who have charged from two cents to fifteen cents per number, accordingly as their bumps of acquisitiveness predominated over that of conscientiousness, that they have come to the conclusion to publish it in the form of a daily paper. Thanks to the Jew Postmasters, we shall get every day something worth looking at, and no mistake about postage, to boot. We hope these talented and enterprising individuals will reap abundantly where they sow with such liberality.

The "Evening Mirror" commenced on the 7th instant, and comes out every evening except on Sundays. Price, 6¢ per annum. The matter of the daily will also be put into a weekly form, and sent to subscribers at \$3 per annum.

TEMPERANCE LECTURES.—Our citizens have listened to several lectures upon the great and important subject of Temperance, within a few days past, from the lips of Mr. Gough, of Boston, a very able and interesting lecturer. We have not had the pleasure of listening to but one, and that on Sunday evening last, at Rev. Dr. Tappan's meeting house, which was crowded in every part, by apparently deeply interested hearers. He is quite a young man, and comes before the public as a reformed or redeemed drunkard, being a temperance speaker, and quite often eloquent in his remarks.—and, if we mistake not, is doing a good work. He is not an educated man, yet he lacks not for ideas or language. He is, we understand, a book binder by trade, and was once a theatrical actor. He is now engaged in a far better sphere, and we hope his efforts to reclaim unfortunate slaves to the fiery poison, Alcohol, may be crowned with success. †

DEATH BY SUFFOCATION.—We learn from the Boston Advertiser, that on Monday of last week, Capt. Abraham Thing, of Hallowell, Me., and commander of the ship Burlington of Philadelphia, then lying at South Boston, was found dead in the cabin on deck. That paper says "the ship had been smoked to destroy rats, and Capt. T. went on board, probably apprehending no danger unless he went under deck." The Hallowell Cultivator says, "it is supposed he died in an apoplectic fit"—that he "was about 50 years of age, and a ship master of much experience"; and that "he has left a wife and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his death."

Take a Paper.

Take a paper, friends, if you "know which side your bread is buttered on." The expense is but a trifle—a farthing, compared to the amount of intelligence gained, and pleasure experienced, from the weekly perusal of its columns. One or two days' labor, or a few bushels of potatoes or other products of the farm, will cover the expense. Subscribe for one that is not under the editorial management of "an unprincipled madcap in politics, or a sectarian bigot in religion." The advantage of a well conducted periodical to a family is very great, which any one, with "half an eye," can plainly see. No man, standing at the head of a family of children, should be so thoughtless of their future acts and standing in society, as not to procure at least one weekly journal for their perusal. It is in fact a mirror of the world, containing intelligence from all parts of the globe. Who, that has had opportunity, has not marked the vast difference in the intelligence and moral elevation of those families that have been in the constant receipt of newspapers, and those that have not? There is as much difference in their appearance and conversation, at home or abroad, as there is between the tight sleeves of our belles' dresses at the present day, and those levitating ones worn by them a few years ago; and this difference in intelligence and moral elevation will almost always follow them through life. This is no fancy statement, but sober reality—and it is what may be seen in every community, even in our large cities and villages, where papers are numerous and easy to be obtained. Let every person take a paper of some kind, either religious, political, literary or agricultural; and if he can afford it, should take one of each stamp—at any rate, have one, as that will be no mean school for his children; and it is not impossible but he may find something new and instructive to him in it. Don't be afraid of becoming too intelligent, nor imagine that you already know so much that you cannot learn any thing farther.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

"Every day brings something new"—science is unfolding thousands of heretofore unknown but important facts—all of which are faithfully chronicled by the newspaper press, and heralded to the four quarters of the globe. By perusing these, children acquire a taste for reading, and search the contents of valuable books that they may become enlightened and useful members of society.

And while on the subject, we would just say, don't be caught in the practice of regularly borrowing papers of your neighbor, unless you are actually so poor as not to be able to take and pay for one. If you are thus unfortunate, it is commendable in you to borrow; but if otherwise, it only exhibits your dishonesty. You are a source of trouble and vexation to your neighbor; and you withhold patronage from the printer, whom you should help to sustain, as he purchases and consumes the productions of the husbandman, and patronizes the merchant and his brother mechanic. A few days since, one of our subscribers, who is desirous of preserving his numbers unsold, so as to have them bound at the close of the volume, stated to us that he was "plagued most to death" by his newspaper borrowing neighbors—some three or four in number—who came regularly every week for his paper, and that too, before he had had opportunity to read it himself; and he further said that each and all of them were perfectly able to pay for one themselves. He has some idea of subscribing for an extra copy for their especial benefit. There are some persons of this stamp in the world—who are very fond of reaping where they do not sow. †

Kissing.

We clip the following from an exchange paper, which appears to be an answer made by a gentleman to a young lady who had sent him a kiss in a letter:—

"Thanks to my gentle absent friend—
A kiss on your letter tend:
But, ah! the thrilling charm is lost
In kisses that arrive by post;
That fruit can only tasteful be
When gathered, melting, from the tree!"

Them's un, exactly. That man, no doubt, speaks from experience—the best teacher, especially in this matter, ever "abroad." In our kissing days we would not give a fig for a kiss unless plucked by ourself from the rosy stem. Then—"smack!"—heavens! how delicious! "Sawdust pudding,"—haunt! How, like a streak of lightning, the young blood went dancing through our veins! Kissing by letter?—whew! to such nonsense. That's worse than eating soap with a fork. This sending kisses by post, and all that sort of thing, is a perfect humbug, and ought not to be tolerated by the "young bloods." We recollect that it was once quite fashionable to kiss the finger and then toss the kiss to the person for whom it was intended; but this was found to be rather dry business, and the ladies came to the wise conclusion to abolish it for the old and only pleasant mode. We knew a young man who, as often as a certain young lady would throw a kiss at him, would run and steal a couple of the genuine article. Here, however, he found his hands (and lips) full of business, for as often as she met him, so often came that kiss, and he at last found it rather a task than a pleasure, and gave it up as a hard undertaking. Poor fellow! It will not do to drive a pleasant business too hard. †

NEW HAY SCALES.—Last Monday we examined a new and improved form of Hay Scales, patented by the Messrs. Fairbanks, of Vermont, who are already so favorably known as the inventors of the Platform Hay Scales. The first improvement was a vast labor saving machine in weighing hay—the present one is valuable for the perfection of its arrangement, and the very neatly made apparatus by which the utmost correctness is insured. Mr. Ewing, who is agent for the company, has put down several in this vicinity. They are durable, being made wholly of iron and steel. A platform that will weigh six tons can be had for \$250; four tons, \$200. Any one in want of an article of the kind cannot find a better one if he looks the world over.

GREAT SALE OF AIR-TIGHTS.—It is stated in an exchange paper, that more than four thousand air-tight covers were sold in one season in Boston.—The great call for this kind of stove has stirred up the ingenuity of the Yankees, and we now have them of all sorts and sizes and forms and plans that you can desire.

We like those who have a self-registering apparatus to them, by which means the fire blows itself up, or puts itself out, as occasion requires. Quite an inanimate intelligence that.

News! News! Ho! for some News!

The news-papers of the day are, comparatively, as destitute of news as the world is of "pure and undefiled" Christians; or, in other words, as barren of any thing new, as a goose pasture is of palatable food in the month of August. Our exchanges, principally, are of a political cast, and from one end to the other, they are stuffed as full of politics, as Thanksgiving Turkeys are with a more savory sort of stuffing. They are fighting, on both sides of the house, for the "dear people" with as much zeal and professed patriotism, as our forefathers fought for life and liberty; and from their long and loud shouts of "victory! victory!" whenever a State election occurs, and their savage paper attacks upon each other, we should judge that many of them are rather dangerous "critters"—to all appearance having in their compositions at least three crosses of the wild-cat and a couple or more touches of the hyena. They come down upon the "enemy," like hen-hawks upon the unsuspecting chicken; and thrust their character destroying claws at full length into the moral and political carcasses of opponents, and with one mighty effort tear them "all to flinders," leaving hardly a "grease spot," a piece of flesh or a bone, "to tell the tale."

It is really amusing to look over these journals and read their contents. Both parties have already elected (by figures) their favorite candidates to fill the Presidential chair, and figures can't lie. We are of Major Jack Downing's opinion, that the people of the United States are to be favored with two Presidents for the next four years, "in spite of their teeth." In these partisan prints we find a great number of paragraphs similar to the following:—

A SIGN.—On board the Steamer Lightfoot, from Deadest to Sleepy Hollow, 10th ultimo, the following vote was had upon the Presidential question, which plainly shows that "Young Hickory" is the people's favorite:—

For James K. Polk,	25
" Henry Clay,	10
" James G. Birney,	1
[Deadest Aurora.]	

OMINOUS.—At a barn raising, on Mutton Hill, in this town, last Thursday, after the frame was all complete, the people present were "called to order" by Timothy Ticklepitcher, Esq., and the following ballot taken upon the Presidency, which seems to indicate that—

The people are rising For Clay and Frémont.	
For Henry Clay,	19
" James K. Polk,	6
" James G. Birney,	2
[Tweedletown Reporter.]	

LIBERTY TRIUMPHANT.—At the close of Rev. Mr. Hopeful's liberty lecture, at the Centre School House, in this place, on Monday evening, Dec. Fairface proposed to the audience that a balloting be had for President, which was agreed to, and the following was the result, which speaks well for the cause of the poor slave, in this section:—

For James G. Birney,	30
" James K. Polk,	13
" Henry Clay,	2
[Littleton Liberty Bugle.]	

But hold up a moment. There's nothing new in all this, as similar intelligence has been going the rounds of the political prints for months, and has undoubtedly been read by many of the readers of the Farmer.

Ho! for some news!—good news too, is what we are in want of. We do not wish for war news, murder news, suicide news, nor any thing of the kind. An elopement now and then wouldn't come amiss, as they are often rich affairs, and furnish editors with fruitful texts for sermonizing. We have no intention of advising young couples to seek this clandestine mode of becoming "one," but would only say that, if there be those hereabouts who have serious ideas of perpetrating the deed—who are determined upon an elopement—it would oblige us very much if they would immediately carry into effect their designs, as these are rather dry times for home news.

Hip!—stop this vein of talk, man, and make way for the cheering news that comes booming o'er the ocean wave—the liberation of O'Connell and his imprisoned friends! Is not this good news? Read the particulars in another column of to-day's paper.

But enough. We give you, reader, all the news that comes to hand, and if this is not sufficient to satiate your news appetite, you must get up something new yourself. But to accomplish this, don't—oh no, don't, we pray you—be caught tapping the jugular vein, nor jumping into the liquid stream with a stone made fast to the neck, nor hanging between heaven and earth like victims of the gallows. Don't do any such cowardly act, for mind what we say, if you do we shan't publish a word relative to it. †

ACCIDENTS.—The Massillon (Ohio.) Gazette, says that a German woman, recently from her native country, was instantly crushed to death on a canal boat near that place, a few days since. She was asleep on some baggage on deck; and lost her life by coming in contact with a bridge; and the blame, says the Gazette, is attached to the Captain, who refused to let her go below deck to sleep.—Pretty Captain he. The company should ship the fellow without delay, after presenting him with a leather medal.

The Boston Bee of Saturday, states that on Friday morning last, "as the merchandise train on the Boston and Maine railroad was proceeding to Portland, when near Andover, Mr. Daniel V. Hoyt, conductor, fell from the cars, injuring him in a shocking manner. He was taken up alive, but no hopes are entertained of his recovery. His death will be a severe affliction to his wife and five young children."

The Maine Farmer promises us "a handkercher full of Big Apples, the real 'Jere Browns,' before long." Our mouth waters with anticipation. [Boston Bee.]

Anticipation, many times, is said to be far sweeter than the reality; but in this case, if brother Howland does not let the former set his ideas of the latter too high—beyond the bounds of reason—we are of the opinion that the reverse of this will be the result. They shall be forthcoming, friend. We should feel "sort o' uneasy" to be "taken up" for "breach of promise."

Be careful, Mr. Bee, what you say about "these lying political papers." Perhaps they only stretch the truth, which is not, we believe, transcending the bounds of "political fiction."

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—The Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat states that Parker Buell, of Mendon, in that State, recovered at a recent Circuit Court, a verdict of \$1600 against Falcon P. Powers, for the seduction of his daughter. Such enemies to virtue ought to be kept upon out-meal gruel, and, to give them a smart appetite, receive a coddling three times a day, immediately before eating.

For the Farmer.

What I like to see.
I like to see young people who have not had much experience, insult every one they meet whose appearance does not comport with their own sensitive ideas of fashion; and enjoy themselves in witty jokes and laughs at the dilapidated premises of their unfortunates and is an indication that they enjoy life spirits themselves, and possess a commendable disposition to drive dull care away from others.

I like to see young folks who talk of being married some time hence if they live, spend their week's wages regularly, in hiring carriages and riding thro' the country as often as once every Sunday. It shows that they are not monomaniacs, and that they love life and mean to enjoy it as they go along.

I like to see young people who are just setting out in life with nothing, (at least of their own) boast of what they have got, and what they expect to have, and insist that a street scavenger's berth is the most suitable place for such and such persons, who, by the way, may have failed in business from the non-payment of out-standing accounts, made by trusting just such coxcombs as those who now traduce them. Because, if they are ever reduced to similar circumstances, their reflections upon the past will be a rich source of consolation (?) to them.

I like to hear women always complaining at their lot, and wishing for something they have not got, and which is impossible to be procured. It shows that they have a peculiar regard for their husband's feelings, and also that they have seen better days, and laudably wish for a return of the same.

I like to see well organized family discipline. Parents should early consider the necessity there is of teaching their children to be civil and courteous to strangers. Should one call at your house it would be well, at first, for one or more of the children to laugh in his face to show that he is welcome. After this invite him in, and if the weather is cold, offer him a seat at the fire. Should a pair of cowards, boots, or the awkwardness of his country manners excite your mirth, you should never be so selfish as to enjoy it all alone, but telegraph the wonderful discoveries you have made, across the room to the rest of your brothers and sisters; (the old folks will not see you, and if the stranger should, he would never know that it has any allusion to him;) after this young craft have been well initiated into the cause of your rare amusement, let every one control his risible muscles as long as possible, suffering only now and then a suppressed giggle to escape your well compressed lips, that the final burst-out may be the more tremendous and well-timed when it does come. This shows that you take some notice of the stranger, and he will soon feel at home. At this crisis of the affair those who can first recover from the prostrating effects of their merriment, had better slide away to some distant corner of the room, and with a complacent smile of forced gravity at the stranger, look wonderful wise at something they have just discovered out of the window, while those of more feeble nerves cut and run for some contiguous apartment, where they can take their own time and way of giving vent to the testimony of their gratitude for his neighborly call. It is often embarrassing and awkward for a person who is naturally diffident, to be received only with a cold smile, and be interrogated only concerning the state of his health and the temperature of the atmosphere; but when he can detect a grin of delight upon every countenance, and know that the accelerated step, the noiseless whisper, and the telegraphic language of the deaf and dumb are all put in requisition in honor of his presence, it assures him that he is of some consequence in the world.

I like to see every good farmer study economy in the management of his affairs. All his carts and ring carriages should be left in or near the front yard of his house. They make capital things for the good woman to hang her clothes upon while drying—a most equal to a gridiron—and saves the expense of purchasing a clothes line; it also shows that the man has some respect for the comfort and convenience of his better half. In this way his tools are not liable to be broken by being piled promiscuously one upon another in the tool house, but are ready for immediate use as soon as the snow and ice thaw off from them in the spring.

I like to see every one spend his own money as he pleases—it shows his independence; and as fast as he earns it, for that is the best of evidence that he means to avoid the imputation of being mean or miserly. As for sickness and old age, the benevolent institutions of the day make abundant provisions. SIMON.

Deadest, Sept. 28, 1844.

A GOOD SCHEME, DUTCHMEN TERTIUS SLAVES.—The Southern Cultivator says that a Mr. Cobb, of North Alabama, proposes to give up slave labor and adopt German labor. He therefore proposes to furnish immigrants and one year's provisions to industrious families, and let them farm on long leases, or make such other arrangements as will suit all parties.

His address is at Cobb's store, North Alabama, fifteen miles South East of Huntsville.

His place is in Latitude 32 degrees and 50 minutes south. Success to him—may he have honest tenants and fair profits.

Snow.—The Troy (N. Y.) Whig says that on Sunday, September 29th, snow fell to the depth of four inches, in Grafton and other mountain towns in that vicinity, and that the hills near Utica were also nicely covered with this winter carpeting. This beats "up east" "all to smash."

NARROW ESCAPE.—The steamer Kosciuszko, Capt. Lefevre, which left New York for Hartford on Saturday, encountered the gale severely in the Sound. A heavy sea broke over her guards, carrying away her coal which was there stored, and extinguishing her fires. By burning up every thing loose about the boat she finally succeeded in getting into Brookhaven on Sunday afternoon or evening.—On Monday she started for Hartford, where she arrived Tuesday morning, bearing evidences of the conflict she had endured. Half her deck load was swept off by the waves, containing partly of cotton, out of which a raft was made, as a resort in case the boat should founder.

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY HERO GONE.—We regret to announce the decease of Adoniah Dennis of Hardwick, Worcester co., a veteran of the revolution, and the father of our esteemed and well-known fellow citizen, Major Louis Dennis. He died on Monday last, the 30th ult., in the 86th year of his age, at Hardwick. He was present at the surrender of Burgoyne, under General Lincoln, and during the Revolution served at Saratoga, Stillwater, and Fort Independence in our harbor. Peace be to his ashes, and honor to his memory.—[Boston Bee.]

DEATH IN THE PULPIT.—The Rev. Wilson Conner, a Baptist minister in Georgia, fell dead in the pulpit on the fifth Sabbath in June last, after preaching from these words, "Verily, verily I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live."

Poetry.

From the New Mirror.

One word of the author of the lines below. Some months since, if our readers remember, we gave, in the Mirror, two or three beautiful effusions by a printer's apprentice, J. Bayard Taylor. This young man (eighteen years of age, apparently) called in on us a week or two since, and informed us that he was about taking a tour to Europe.—We congratulated him on having the means to do so, as he had, beyond the money to pay for his passage in the steerage of a packet! He was to sail the next day, and did sail for Liverpool, with as buoyant a heart as ever accompanied a full pocket to Europe. He is in fine health, has a face full of sensibility and intelligence, and will, no doubt, easily work his way from country to country, picking up knowledge in a vein of life that understood by book-writers. We recommended to him to keep a most faithful diary, and with his talent, it will be an amusing and valuable volume of travels as ever was written. His first destination after England is Germany, where he means to learn the language of the letter-press—picking it up with his fingers, and "scouting" it, when he has acquired enough to go on. Success to him!—This noble strain of poetry shows what he is:—

The Soul's Relief.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Say not this life is all!
Faint not the soul in Earth's angelic air!
Must all we love of virtuous and of fair
Alike unattainable?
The heart's most dear, to dust all moulder back,
And no freed spirit tread a lovelier track!

Must hopes of pure bliss
More bright and holy than we meet with now,
Stamp their bright signet upon manhood's brow,
And love's first timid kiss
Make the heart throbb with angel-joy alone,
To perish when the clay to earth has gone!

Oh! can the chaste soul,
That struggles on through toil and wo and strife,
Onward and upward to a nobler life,
Reach not the lofty goal?
Catch glimpses of a glory it may win,
Then sleep in gloom ere its bright course begin?

Vague dreams of childhood's hour,
Filling the heart with awe, it knew not why,
As if a spirit whispered, passing by,
Youth's burning wish for power—
To scan the mysteries that circle round,
To tread the depths of Nature's unexplored bound—

And manhood's loftier glow,
Wearing the harness of a sterner fight,
And struggling on, where through the lurid night
Beams an immortal blaze;—
Why—why—were these proud aspirations given,
If the worn soul be barred from even hope of heaven?

All that the past has taught—
Its prophecies; teaching a sublimer lore;
Its golden keys, heaping the bright ore
From the rich mines of Thought;
And high-souled men, who, in that darkened age,
Dared in the cause of truth to breast its rage.

All that now lures us on—
Pointing afar, where glory waits our call,
Speaks to the soul, that when its clay shall fall,
A nobler, brighter, sweeter life shall be,
Shall beam around its steps, before untold,
When with strong wing it sweeps still nearer God!

Darkness surrounds the grave;
And to the blind and erring, doubt and fear,
But the high hopes that light our pathway here
Stream o'er the cloud-hung wave,
And show beyond the congested gloom,
Where the soul's lofty power prevails o'er death and time!

The Maiden's Prayer.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low, as deep,
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer.
Her white hands clasped together, pressed,
Her blue eyes shivered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid,
From her long and flowing dress,
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose steps upon the earth did press,
Like a new snow-fall white and mute;
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God, if souls unsouled as these,
Need daily mercy from thy throne;
If she upon her bedded knees,
Our holiest and our purest one;
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light,
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee!
What far, far deeper need have we!
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

The Bustle.

Hail, "beauteous" bustle! mysterious bustle say!
Of flesh and blood, of rags, or braun or hair,
Art thou composed, and dost thou claim
A local situation and a name?
Say whence thou sprang, and what thy use or end,
And these I promise with my verse to blend.
Who art, indeed, the pride of every belle,
Who dost delight all to cut a swell,
And by that art secure the utmost honor.
That feathers, rags, or hay, can heap upon her.
I know of bumps, at least a score in all,
Which have been worn from time immemorial;
To wit: the bump, the shoulder, and 'tis said
That bumps abound upon the smoothest head.
Now if from these paternity you claim,
Then tell me, pray, what is your proper name?
Be these aside, in thee alone we find
Love, grace, and beauty, in one heap combined!
Hail, wonderful age! when nature's perfect law
Reigns the conqueror to a bag of stuff!
When fashion holds, embracing every whim,
Augments the form where Nature's form would trim,
And taste, as fickle as the fleeting wind,
Must need attach an extra bump behind!
White youth and beauty, leading "breath the lead,
Becomes a martyr to the laws of mode.

Miscellaneous.

It's Only a Dollar.

"That he is. Why, it's almost giving him away."
"If I felt able I should readily be tempted to buy him."
"Able! I know fifty men, who if they were as able as you, would each own this horse before night. There is Gardner whose salary is only one thousand dollars a year. He keeps a horse and a beautiful creature it is too.—Don't talk about being able, Mr. Jones! And then just think, what a benefit it would be to your health."
The tempter prevailed, and that weak young man resorted to the bank funds again. His memorandum was changed from five hundred dollars due cash, to six hundred and fifty dollars.
"I have bought me a horse, Julia," he said after he had completed the purchase.
"Have you? Well, do you know what must come next?"
"No."
"Well, I can tell you then."
"You will have to buy me a horse too. I have no idea of our riding out alone every morning, and perhaps every evening."
"I am sure I should like your company much, Julia. I didn't know that you were fond of riding."
"But I am—passionately fond of it."
Seventy-five dollars were paid for a horse for

Mrs. Jones. And now every morning and almost every evening this thoughtless and imprudent couple might be seen dashing out into the country on their own horses.
But time steadily passed on, and soon brought around the next examination day.—And as it drew near Mr. Jones began to feel a nervous dread of its approach, for the ticket in the drawer bore the ominous words—Due drawer \$1000.

It now became necessary to enter upon some regular system of borrowing, and to have it arranged as to prevent the possibility of a failure.

"Will you have \$200 to spare day after to-morrow?" he asked of his friend Martin.
"Yes, and double that amount if you want it."

"Thank you. But I don't care about more than \$200. And you can have it again in a day or two."

Two other friends were called upon in like manner, and from each a like amount was promised: all of which he received in due time, and placed among the funds of the bank to make his account good.

But it is needless to trace the course of Henry Jones step by step. For full five years he contrived this system unsuspected by any one. At the end of this time the memorandum, which, to prevent accident, was carried in his pocket book, read thus: "Due cash, \$5,650." And yet during all this time, the cash of the institution was regularly counted every three months, and on each occasion the deficiency was borrowed from at least twenty different persons, not one of whom harbored the suspicion of the affable and light-hearted teller.

But Henry Jones was far from being happy. He felt that the sword hung over his head, suspended by a single hair, and liable to fall by the agitation of a single breath.

Yet so strange was the infatuation into which he had suffered himself to fall that instead of endeavoring to come back and live below his income, he was increasing his expenses every year. From the "it's only a dollar" principle of action—both he and his wife, now the mother of two sweet babes, had risen into the "it's only a hundred dollars" principle, and were speeding onward to their ruin with daily increasing velocity. But nothing of the true condition of affairs did Mrs. Jones know. She vainly supposed that five hundred dollars a year was sufficient to supply all the extravagances, for persons of their station in life, into which they entered so thoughtlessly. Among other acts of folly, they had given up the neat and comfortable dwelling at two hundred a year, and now occupied an elegant house at five hundred dollars—attached to which was a small hot house, filled with the most choice collection of plants, many of which were rare exotics. They had also a carriage of their own, and a boy of course to attend to the horses.

But with all these appendages of happiness as was before said, Mr. Jones was far from being happy. How could he be? He was in the charmed circle of the serpent's eye, and possessing no power of breaking the spell, and rushing away from the threatened danger.—But still, over all the anxiety and fear within, he drew a veil and assumed as far as possible, both at home and abroad, an exterior of apparent cheerfulness.

About this time began the commercial embarrassments that have been prolonged for so many years. Money became scarcer, and it was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Jones could obtain the required sum, even for a single day, to make good his account.

"I must have \$400 to-morrow," he said on one of these periodical occasions, stepping into the store of a friend.

"Most gladly would I accommodate you, Mr. Jones, but to-morrow I have \$2000 to raise and have not received the first dollar.—How I am to get through, Heaven only knows.—There was that in the earnest, even anxious look of the merchant, that left no room for Mr. Jones to urge his suit. He turned away from the store with a feeling of faintness.

"How much can you spare me to-morrow?" he asked of another business man, who had always, heretofore, accommodated him with the utmost cheerfulness.

"Not one dollar, Jones, and I am sorry for it. But I am in the tightest place I have known for the last ten years. I have heavy payments to make to-morrow, and no resources."

"I am really sorry for it," Mr. Jones replied, and in spite of his effort to seem unconcerned about receiving the money for which he had asked, the merchant could not help perceiving that his countenance fell, and assumed a very troubled aspect.

"So am I. But I must meet the difficulty like a man, and do my best to overcome it."
"Can you let me have a few hundred dollars to-morrow?" Mr. Jones asked of a friend, who had never hesitated to loan him any sum he wanted.

"Indeed, Mr. Jones, I cannot. These are dreadful hard times. And I am sure that I cannot tell how I shall get through to-morrow. But in a few days you can have as much as you want."

Thus wherever the teller went he found the same complaint of scarcity of money. Not even \$100 was tendered him, and that would be of no use, for it would require near \$6000 to make good his account.

"What must I do?" was a question more easily asked than answered. And it was asked over and over again, with a vain looking for some glimmering light in the distance. But all was darkness and uncertainty, a distant knowledge that destruction lurked in his path.

The morrow at length came, after a night that was no honest, or even dishonest man, could wish to pass, a night of gloomy foreboding. Sweetly by his side slept his unconscious wife, and his still happier and innocent children. How his heart ached for them as he thought of the disgrace that would attach to his name, if a discovery of his error were made, of a change of his external circumstances that must be the inevitable consequence.

The hour for opening the bank at length came, and Mr. Jones was at his post with the same cheerful air and kind manner that had gained for him the respect and regard of both the officers and customers of the institution. And yet, with all the assumed exterior, there was a terrible feeling within, for there had occurred to his mind no device by which he could put off the evil day. Once the thought occurred to his mind to state openly and fully his case to the committee of examination, before the process of counting the cash should be entered upon. But this was instantly rejected with the mental ejaculation—

"It cannot, it must not be known!"

All through the day, while his hands were receiving and paying out money, his mind was intent on devising some plan of relief from the dreadful dilemma into which he had fallen. Once a gloom of hope set suddenly across his mind, but it quickly faded away, and the darkness was still more gloomy and intense. Like the darkness of Egypt, it could be felt. The hope came thus. A check for \$6000 was presented, and he paid out in mistake \$600. The lad who offered the check rolled up the money without counting it, and glided quickly from the bank. As the teller was dropping the check into one of the compartments of his money drawer, his eye detected the error. His recollection of paying out six hundred dollars was clear and distinct.

"Now I am safe," was the sudden inward exclamation, while a thrill of joy ran through every nerve and fibre of his body.

"That would be willful and premeditated dishonesty," a voice seemed to whisper in his ear.

"But I can make it good hereafter in a way that need involve no disclosure. And the firm is rich and will not be put to inconvenience in consequence."

"Don't do it," said the opposing and better spirit within him.

"But I shall be ruined if I do not."

"And ruined tenfold, if you do," was the internal objection.

"What shall I do?" the poor man uttered almost audibly. And then started lest his words had passed to the ear of some one standing by.

"Act honestly as far as you can, and wait the result of your culpable folly," said the inward whisper.

"You have made a mistake," said the principal of the firm, whose check of \$6000 had been paid with \$600, coming up to the counter while the struggle was brief.

"I discovered the mistake, sir, as soon as you had left," the teller replied with a smile as he counted out the balance of the check.

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir," the merchant said, as he received the money, "some tellers correct no mistakes."

"Right is right," responded Mr. Jones, mechanically while his own voice sounded to his ears hollow and despairing.

The merchant bowed, and hope, that had glimmered for a moment with a lurid light, faded away into darkness.

Steadily the hours passed away, and at last the clock struck three, and the doors of the bank were closed. The committee were all waiting to make their periodical examination. All that remained was for Mr. Jones to enter upon his checks and notes, strike his balance and present his account. As he proceeded to do this, he seemed to be reeling about instead of standing still; and had it not been for the mechanical habit he had acquired it would have been impossible for him to have proceeded with any degree of correctness.

He had not proceeded far in his labor before his eye rested on the \$6000 check.

"This might have saved me," he murmured, pausing in his works.

"And it shall save me," he added with inward vehemence. "It shall save me!"

His balance was at length struck, and the periodical counting took place. All appeared right and the committee separated.

"Mr. Jones," said the cashier to the teller after the President and the two Directors, who had formed with the cashier the committee, had withdrawn: "there seems to be a little error here," laying his hand on the entries of the day.

The heart of Mr. Jones gave a strong bound, then its motion sunk into low and tremulous throbs while his face grew instantly pale.

"Where, sir?" he asked in a low tone, scarcely above a whisper.

"Here," said the cashier, laying his finger first upon the charge of a check of \$6000—and then upon a similar charge in another part of the days operations—"Melwyn and his check appear to be charged twice, for I only observed, in running my eyes over the checks, but one drawn by them," and the cashier looked Jones full in the face. The eyes of the latter fell under the searching expressions, and as they did so, his face grew deadly pale for he felt conscious that his defalcations would now come to light. A brief pause followed when the cashier said in a tone that had something of kindness in it—

"Come to my room in a few minutes, Mr. Jones," and he then retired to the place he had indicated.

Thither he was soon followed by the teller.

"Sit down, Mr. Jones," said the cashier.

And the teller sat down. But the very chair in which he seated himself, seemed on fire.

"I am afraid, Mr. Jones, that all is not right," the cashier began, "and I am exceedingly pained to be obliged to express such a thought."

There was something of kindness and concern in the tones of the cashier's voice; and as the heart of the latter melted down, a gleam of hope seemed to glance before him.

"All is not right," he said, with one appealing glance and covering his face with his hands gave way to tears.

To this succeeded a full confession by the teller of his difficulties, and the nature and extent of his defalcation.

"But how is it possible, Mr. Jones, that you should become so embarrassed?" the cashier asked.

"I can hardly answer that question to myself," the teller replied. "I have not gambled nor bought lottery tickets. All has gone in the maintenance of my family."

"Then you have lived very extravagantly, Mr. Jones; for with a larger family than yours, my expenses are not \$1200 a year."

"I believe I have, sir, and there, no doubt, is the secret of my embarrassment. I intended never to wrong the bank. But I was too foolish and extravagant. But do not expose me! I was not dishonest in intention—and I will not abuse your confidence if you will again favor me with it."

"But how can I help exposing you, Mr. Jones? are you not a defaulter to the amount of \$6000?"

"I cannot decide before," the cashier said gravely. "And now go home and be prepared for the worst, for I cannot tell what will be the result of my deliberations."

We will not attempt to portray the feelings of Mr. Jones during the dreadful night that followed—nor those of his wife, to whom he told all as soon as he got home.

On the next morning he went early to the bank in a state of intense anxiety. The cashier met him as soon as he arrived, and then the two entered the cashier's private room. Poor Jones felt like a criminal on his way to the gallows with one faint hope of reprieve—a hope more truly painful than the certainty that there was no escape.

"Sit down, Mr. Jones," the cashier said solemnly, and Mr. Jones sat down.

A silence of some moments ensued. The cashier's brow was clouded, and it was evident that he was yet undecided how to act. His duty as a public officer pointed out one course and humanity another. At last he said in an earnest voice—

"Jones, can I dare I trust you?"

"Oh, sir, do not hesitate. This hour of intense, almost hopeless agony, is the guarantee of my future faithfulness. Trust me, sir, and I will be true to your confidence."

"But how will you make good the deficiency in your account?"

"It will require time, sir, but I believe I can do it. My true deficiency is \$5,650. There was due yesterday, and yet undrawn, a quarter's salary. I have a carriage and a pair of horses, which will sell for not less than \$700—these cost a thousand. My wife's jewelry and my own, including watches and gold chains, we estimated last night at not less than \$600. We have been thoughtlessly extravagant in these matters. How we ever accumulated so much really worthless stuff, I can hardly tell. But we were always buying something. And then our plants and flowers would certainly bring \$100. There are among them many that are fair and beautiful. Besides these things we have a great deal of costly furniture and ornaments, which we will let go. I will feel sanguine that I can reduce the debt I owe the bank to \$3000. I have told my wife all about my dreadful condition, and she says 'let all go.' She is willing to come down to the lowest condition, so that I may not be exposed and ruined. Six hundred dollars a year she is confident will be enough for us, and she proposes to move into the suburbs of the city, where rent will be low, and the change in our appearance not so much noticed. In four years at the longest I will venture to make all straight again."

For more than a minute the cashier mused in silence, then extending his hand to the teller, he said, "Mr. Jones, I will trust you!"

The teller burst into tears, and sunk into his chair.

"What a gulf of ruin I have escaped!" he said at length, rising and again grasping the cashier's hand.

It was a calm summer evening, about four years after, that Mr. and Mrs. Jones sat near a window of their neat little dwelling, far in the suburbs of the large city in which they were residents. Every thing around them was neat and comfortable.

"This day I am a free man!" Mr. Jones said, after a pause in their conversation. "I drew my quarter's salary this morning, and after paying off my debts to the bank, I have just \$100 left. How narrow an escape have I made! It makes me tremble when I think of it."

"Oh, Harry," and his wife leaned upon his arm and looked him tenderly in his face, while the moisture dimmed her eyes: "How glad I am to see this hour! This hour I have hardly dared to hope for. We have had a hard lesson to learn but it has been a salutary one.—We shall again be happy."

"Yes, far happier than with our former views and feelings, we could even have been under circumstances the most prosperous. I could not have believed once, the possibility of our being contented with every thing around us so plain as we have it. But I find that it is not so much the external circumstances that makes happiness as the internal condition of the mind. If we look out of ourselves for happiness, as sad experience has proved, we meet only disappointment, and are in danger of becoming irascible, and are in danger of forgetting the last four years. They are full of lessons."

Nor were those troubled years ever forgotten. Their lessons of prudence and economy, their thought-exciting incidents, their seasons of sad reflection, made an impression that never wore off. Mr. Jones occupied a high position of trust in the community, and none suspected that once his feet well nigh slipped, while he tottered on the brink of ruin and infamy.

True Female Nobility.

The woman, poor and ill-clad as she may be, who balances her income and expenditure—who toils and sweats in unrepining mood among her well-trained children, and presents them morning and evening, as offerings of love to her husband, in rosy health and cheerful cleanliness, is the most exalted of her sex. Before her shall the proudest dame bow in her jeweled head, and the bliss of a happy heart dwell with her forever. If there is one prospect dearer than another to the soul of man—if there is one act more likely to bend the proud and inspire the broken-hearted—it is for the smiling wife to meet her husband at the door, with his tired blood of an exhausted man, when he hears the rush of many feet upon the staircase—when the crowd and carol of their young voices mix in glad confusion—and the smallest mounts or sinks into his arms amidst a mirthful shout.—God! it was a halo from every countenance that beamed around the group! There was a joy and a blessing there. [Chamber's London Journal.

Run to your dinner, run to your work, run after knowledge, but never run in debt.

PROUTY & MEARS' Massachusetts Premium Plough.

PROUTY & CO. continue to manufacture Prouty & Mears' PATENT CENTRE DRAUGHT PLOUGHS, and they have added to their already extended list, several new patents, combining the most improved features, and adopting the most improved qualities of soil, and the various systems of culture; especially to an approximation to the rapid labor system, which is admitted to be the perfection of good husbandry—and why? For the reason, that at one operation it perfectly turns the mass of whatever depth, covering all vegetable and other matter lying on the surface, leaving the furrow slice in a fine, lively, friable state, crushing its hard lumps and disarranging its particles, thereby elaborating its food for plants. Hence as but one ploughing is requisite, the proper manner may be taken for its performance, when the seed bed will be found to be in far better condition than after the protracted labor of two or three cross-ploughings and harrowings.

Their castings are of a superior quality, both in workmanship and materials. By using pure iron and an improved process of melting, they offer casting of less weight, possessing SUPERIOR STRENGTH AND DURABILITY, which with chilling the points, wings and landsides, and the excellent quality and finish of the wood-work, renders their ploughs, in every respect, the very article which the wants of the farmer demand.

The higher character of the Centre Draught Plough, abundantly sustained by a continued and extended patronage, is in perfect accordance with the decision of an able and impartial committee of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, in awarding to the inventor the sum of \$100, the highest premium ever given in this country for doing the best work with the least draught, in a trial open to the whole Union, running its natural course, including to keep its true position without any effort of the ploughman, and turning a furrow one foot wide and six inches deep, with a draught of only 294 pounds, in compact and well swarded land, being much the easiest in draught of any plough of which we have any report.

While the Centre Draught Plough is doing the highest prices and gaining more and more in favor with farmers, disappointed competitors are boasting "land and long" of small premiums awarded for the skill of ploughmen and their well trained teams, or won by extraordinary exertions, on fields where there was no competition, and they have raised the frequent cry of "Centre Draught Humbug," by which it is evident that the busy hum of public opinion, expressing the real merits of these ploughs, is by a kind of mysterious Centre Draught, continually buzzing in their ears, with a consciousness of truth.

MISREPRESENTATIONS have also been made in regard to the trials in Essex County, by publishing statements and tables manufactured for the purpose, giving to their ploughs an advantage which the Register and the Committee did not exhibit, and which called forth from them the following severe rebuke:—"We hope they will have the fairness to take all the facts into view, and not a garbled selection, as has sometimes been done, and thereby entirely misrepresenting the impressions intended to be made by the Committee."

The Centre Draught Plough still stands unrivaled, bidding defiance to all competitors, and so it will, as we have at the same Society's Ploughing Match, embracing every variety, necessary to effect an improvement of which it is susceptible, and we give constant attention to the subject.

Constantly on hand, Shares, Landsides, and Mouldboards of most Ploughs in use, and Farming Implements of all kinds.

Also Grass, Field, Garden, and Flower Seeds. Dealers and others supplied on favorable terms.

FARMER'S WAREHOUSE
19 & 20 NORTH MARKET & 20 CLINTON STS. BOSTON.
April 29, 1844.

American Museum, NEW YORK CITY.

P. T. BARNUM, Proprietor.
THIS Museum has 6 splendid halls, over 100 feet in length, containing upwards of 500,000 curiosities from every portion of the Globe.

Here are BEASTS, BIRDS, REPTILES, INSECTS, FISHES, &c. &c., of every species and kind ever known or heard of.

A GRAND COSMORAMA containing beautiful views of ancient and modern cities, natural scenery, moonlight views, &c. A large number of new ones have just been received from some of the first artists of France.

NOVELTIES AND CURIOSITIES, such as DWARFS, GIANTS, GIANTESSES, OURANG OUTANGS, &c. &c. are always engaged when opportunity offers.

IF ATTACHED TO THE USE OF THE SPECTACULAR ENTERTAINMENTS, are always being given every evening, and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, by the most talented performers.

EVERY STRANGER, as well as citizen should visit this establishment, as valuable instruction is combined with rational amusement.

The price of admission is always 25 cents.
August 31, 1844. 4m38

Sands' Sarsaparilla.

For the Removal and Permanent Cure of all Diseases arising from an Impure State of the Blood, or Habit of the System.

THIS medicine is constantly performing almost incredible cures of diseases arising from impurities of the blood and general system. It has arrested and cured numerous cases of scrofulous affections, diseases of the skin, rheumatic pain, disordered liver, painful enlargement of the knee, elbow, and wrist joints, chronic rheumatism, sore throat, chronic constitutional disorders, and various other diseases arising from impure secretions. In this preparation are strongly concentrated all the valuable medicinal properties of Sarsaparilla, on which its activity depends, compounded with other remedial agents, selected from the vegetable kingdom, the whole strength of which is extracted on an entirely new principle, which has not more than years of labor and much expense. The great object desired is now triumphantly accomplished, in the production of a remedy possessing a controlling power over supposed incurable diseases, heretofore unknown in the history of medicine.

The following letter was addressed to our agents at Boston:—

ROXBURY, Mass. May 15, 1843.
MESSRS. SMITH & FOWLER: Gentlemen—It is with great pleasure I send you this certificate of the cure effected upon my child by the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla. She had been troubled more or less with hereditary Scrofula from her infancy, which at length settled in her jaws, which it ragged with such violence (her mouth and lips being extremely sore and very much swollen) that she could not take any nourishment except liquids from a spoon; she soon became very much emaciated, and so weak as to be unable to raise herself without assistance. The jaw bones began to decay, and four pieces, with four or five teeth fell out, from the effects of this baneful, and as I feared, incurable disease. At this time her condition was dreadful to behold, and the pain so intense that she was unable to sleep, except a few minutes at a time. She had taken other preparations of Sarsaparilla, but without effect, and I had almost despaired of seeing my child cured, or even relieved of this loathsome and most detestable disease, when by your recommendation (for we at all times feel great obligations to you) I procured one bottle of Sands' Sarsaparilla. I procured one bottle, and after she had taken about half of the contents, I saw a decided change for the better. I continued the use of the Sarsaparilla with renewed hope, her health improved rapidly, the fourth day her mouth began to heal—the ragged Scrofula, but without any good effect, and I had almost despaired of seeing my child cured, or even relieved of this loathsome and most detestable disease, when by your recommendation (for we at all times feel great obligations to you) I procured one bottle of Sands' Sarsaparilla. I procured one bottle, and after she had taken about half of the contents, I saw a decided change for the better. 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